1633
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SONGS

FOR THE

CURLING-CLUB,

HELD AT

CANON-MILLS.

K

BY A MEMBER.

EDINBURGH:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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SONGS.

THE CURLERS MARCH.

Tune, *Princeſs Royal.*

I.

THO' Sol now looks ſhyly, and Flora is gone
To Mother Root's lodgings, of turf, mud, and ſtone,
Where they two together,
Throughout the hard weather,
Unſocial as Veſtals, keep houſe quite unknown.
Unlike are the Curlers, now more ſocial grown,
Unlike to recluſes who winter alone,
With mutual friendſhip glowing, to action prone,
Forth come they
Briſk and gay,
All in flocks like ſons of the ſpray,
Inſpir'd by the ſound of the curling ſtone!

II.

Tho' hedges around us, and trees every where,
Their hoary heads ſhaking o'er their arms quite bare,
Are all in a quiver,
As cold made them ſhiver,
We Curlers are ſportive, and youthful our air.
Since Pan has afforded abundance of clothes,
And Ceres vouchſafes acquavitæ and broſe,
Who cannot very well with the help of thoſe,
On ice ſtay
All the day,
Cold and care both driving away,
The name of a Curler unwarily choſe.

III.

Tho' quitting, and ſhaking her cold northern neſt
Of feather'd ſnows, where ſhe long lay at reſt;
Her pinions awaiting,
Miſchief meditating,
With hoſtile intent comes the full fledg'd tempeſt.
To Curlers determin'd their poſts to maintain,
And bravely reſolv'd thro' a winter campaign
With hard fifty pounders to anſwer again,
And to treat
Ev'ry threat
With ſmart repulſe and contempt meet,
Such impotent bluſter ſeems perfectly vain.

IV.

Then ſally out boldly, and form round our ring,
Like waters in froſt we together will cling,
To combat proud Boreas,
Or who elſe may ſhore us,
Until we ſhall meet the return of the ſpring.
Now mark the dread ſound as our columns move on,
So ſolemn, ſo awful, ſo martial's the tone,
The clouds reſound afar, whilſt the waters groan:
Stable rock
Feels our ſhock
As if ſtern Mars in tranſport ſpoke;
Such the thunder and craſh of the curling ſtone!

V.

Our exerciſe o'er, to head-quarters away,
Where old ſullen Night ſeems young, cheerful, and gay;

Full

Full handed approaching,
Her rival reproaching,
Cries, eat, drink, laugh dead, my young brother ſcrub Day.
The ſquint ey'd churl now no longer is ſeen,
Obey the command of the ſable clad queen,
Profuſion's preceded by beef and green,
And the bowl,
Highland ſoul!
Does all our cares and fears controul;
Whilſt gleefully we drink—"*To all Curlers keen.*"

THE BLAST.

I.

Now Phœbus ſouth has wander'd,
Come Curlers rear our ſtandard,
Rear, Curlers, our broom ſtandard,
Call North's ilk hardy ſon;
Tho' fools are in dread,
As if Nature was dead,
We being better taught,
Set their terrors at naught,
And ſmile when we hear
Them expreſſing their fear,
As we mark our gog,
And meaſure off our hog,
To ſport on her cold grave-ſtone.
Chorus. Aghaſt! and ſtruck with wonder,
Bold Boreas hears our thunder,
Invade his domain,
To diſpute his reign,

And

And burſt the bands
Of his hard hands,
Which half a world enchain!

II.

Broad ſable ſhoulders rearing,
Like Teneriff appearing
His huge white head, he ſneering
Breathes huſh, huſh, huſh, avaſt!
Waves and rattles hard,
His long icicle beard,
And looſe letting fly,
Over Buchan and Sky,
His mantle fur-lin'd,
Of all colours combin'd,
Makes poor Calidons
High tow'ring Grampions,
Seem buttons upon his veſt,
Aghaſt! &c.

III.

The plow's froze in the furrow,
On barn roof lies the harrow,
The trowel ſpade and barrow
Uſeleſs aſide are caſt.
Save Curlers there's few
Who their faces dare ſhew,
While 'midſt froſt and ſnow,
We are all in a glow,
With our nimble brooms,
And our ponderous ſtones,

Which

Which ſmartly we ply
Hard weather to defy,
And thus we repel the blaſt.
Aghaſt! &c.

IV.

Then Scotia fear no evil,
From Boreas tho' uncivil,
Since countries few can rival
Thy ſituation bleſt!
Thy wants are but few,
Tho' not rich by the plough,
Thy froſt's moderate,
Tho' thy heat's never great;
Thy ſhort winter day
Is ſufficient for play,
Tho' now the night's long,
With a bottle and ſong,
To cheat it we'll do our beſt.
Aghaſt! &c.

V.

Then merry may we a' be,
Mae winters may we a' ſee,
And a' our cares but ſma' be,
Nor mind the ills that's paſt!
Thrice over we'll play
All the ſports of the day.
O'er fleſh, fiſh, and fowl,
And a whiſkyfied bowl,
And wiſh Boreas may
Keep his breath till next day,

When

When we'll meet again
On the congealed plane,
Regardleſs of his rude blaſt.
Aghaſt! &c.

THE ORIGIN OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Tune, *Auld Lang Syne.*

I.

On Calton-Hill and Aurthur-Seat,
Great Boreas plac'd his feet,
And hurled like a curling-ſtane
The Caſtle waſt the ſtreet,
But that was lang ſyne, dear ſir,
That was lang ſyne,
Whan curling was in infancy,
An' ſtanes war no fine.

II.

An' leſt it ſhould be mov'd or ſtole,
(Tho' ſtrange it ſeems to tell)
The handle loos'd, and left the hole
Which now ſerves for a well.
But that was lang ſyne, dear ſir,
That was lang ſyne,
When curling was in infancy,
An' handles no fine.

III.

Next, as a hint he meant a fort,
Which Northerns might defend,

He

He like a flag-ſtaff praped up,
His beſom ſhaft on end.
But that was lang ſyne, dear ſir,
That was lang ſyne,
Whan curling was in infancy,
And beſoms no fine.

IV.

Wha thinks it's faſe that we alledge,
May carefu' ſearch the hole,
If he finds not the handle-wedge,
He then may doubt the whole.
For 'twas there lang ſyne, dear ſir,
'Twas there lang ſyne;
An' what needs fo'k diſpute about
What happen'd lang ſyne.

THE THREE OPEN WINTERS.

Tune, *Jony's Grey Breeks.*

I.

I've mony winter ſeen an' ſpring,
But like o' this did I ne'er ſee,
Three open winters in a ſtring,
An' may the like again ne'er be.
Chorus. Alake my walie curling-ſtanes,
Ha'e no' been budg'd thir winters three,
'Tween the rains pliſh plaſh an' a fire-ſide's faſh,
They have dreary winters been to me.

II.

II.

Condemn'd to keep the chimney nook,
The bairns like druiket hens by me,
Fain I'd try Burn's or Ramſay's book,
But then I ne'er a ſtime can ſee.
Alake, &c.

III.

Is our great patron, Boreas, dead?
While black ſkies greet, we penance drie,
Some piſhing four ſlut in his ſtead
Wad murder ſocialitie.
Alake, &c.

IV.

The farmer mourns his rotten ſheep,
The maſon's wife aft dights her eye,
While poor fo'k cry there's naething cheap,
Some other thing ſtill vexes me.
Alake, &c.

V.

When I on former winters think,
How on the ice we met wi' glee,
And cheerfu' ſwat to clear a rink,
It gars me ſigh right heavylie.
Alake, &c.

VI.

When we had mark'd our gog an' hog,
And parties form'd o' four or three,

Ilk ane wi' crampits an' broom ſcrog,
How anxious, yet how blythe play'd we?
Alake, &c.

VII.

When we had keenly play'd a while,
Broſe comes, an' whiſky, cawld to flee,
We Sol and Boreas to beguile,
'Tween ſhots wi' ſpoon or glaſs make free.
Alake, &c.

VIII.

When anes our game or light was done,
We march'd to dinner merrylie,
Wi' ſaul an' body baith in tune,
Wha ſhu'd be blytheſt, a' our plea.
Alake, &c.

IX.

When comes the bowl we drink an' ſing,
An' crack o' bonſpales, till ha'f ree,
Syne part in peace, a happy thing,
Sic times again I fain wad ſee.
Alake, &c.

X.

May Boreas haſten frae the north,
Gi' ſilver lokes to buſh an' tree,
I'd rather he wad plank the Forth,
Than Thetis ever on us pi'.
Alake, &c.

THE WELCOME HAME.

Tune, *The Mariner's Wife.*

I.

THE Loch is bearing! do ye hear,
Deam ſet your wheel awa,
Get a your kitchen glancing clear,
The floor as white's the ſnaw.
Chorus. There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's nae luck at a'
What luck can winter days produce,
Whan Curlers are awa.

II.

In ſimmer time whan fo'k wa'k out,
Some friends may on us ca',
But whan the ſun gaes ſouth about,
Auld Riekie keeps them a'.
There's nae luck, *&c.*

III.

Gae ram the chimley fu' in haſte,
Get on the muckle pat,
I'll to the bot an' wail a breaſt
To make them broſe fu' fat.
There's nae luck, *&c.*

IV.

Gae ladie ſeek their crampits out,
For they will a' be here,
To get a dram, without a doubt,
Afore the ice be clear.
There's nae luck, *&c.*

V.

V.

Ye'll be a tawpy a' your life,
The ribs ripe to baith en's,
I trow I was a lucky wife
That kill'd yon pair o' hens.
There's nae luck, &c.

VI.

The chuckies are no auld nor teugh,
I'll draw them juſt e'now,
I dare ſay we'll hae meat eneugh
Shu'd our big room be fu'.
There's nae luck, &c.

VII.

There's juſt as good a mutton leg
As on a cleek can hing,
But I've forgotten, haſte ye, Meg,
An' lay aſteep the ling.
There's nae luck, &c.

VIII.

They's the ſubſtantials, for the reſt
I'll try an' make a ſhift,
Get yellow neeps an' greens in haſte,
As mony's ye can lift.
There's nae luck, &c.

IX.

Gae up an' duſt the muckle room,
An' ſet the tables right;

I trow it has o'er lang been toom,
I hope it's fu' the night.
There's nae luck, &c.

X.

Rin up for lemons, down your feet,
An' ſtay na' by the gate;
They ſay long faſting hanes nae meat,
The'll ſome o' them ſit late.
There's nae luck, &c.

XI.

Bring me the ſugar lafe to brake,
See knives an' forks be clean,
I'd rather ye wad brake your neck,
Than ought were dirty ſeen.
There's nae luck, &c.

XII.

Hech, now I think the warſt o'ts o'er,
Sae they may come their wa',
May this froſt ſtand thir fortnights four,
Gar beef an' whiſky fa'.
There's nae luck, &c.

XVI.

Row up the jack, the 'tatoes peel,
Get the foul things awa',
Stir! or I'll brake your leg atwell,
As ſure's I'm P——y S——w.
There's nae luck, &c.

THE

THE CHOISE.

Tune, *This is no mine ain house.*

I.

This Curlers weather is I trow,
O weels me on the clinking o't,
Fo'k may good ale and whiſky brew,
We'll hae fun at the drinking o't.
For now we'll meet upon the ice,
An' in the e'ening blythly ſplice,
To drink an' feaſt on a' that's nice,
My heart loups light wi' thinking o't.

II.

By Boreas bund in icy chain,
Fu' well we loo the linking o't,
Nor wiſh't to be ſoon loos'd again,
But rather fear the ſhrinking o't.
United by his potent hand,
In gleeſom friendly ſocial band,
We eith obey his high command,
Nor ever think o' ſlinking o't.

III.

Some glowring poring o'er a book,
Grow blind an' blame the inking o't
Some cloch'ring at the chimney nook,
Are half kill'd wi' the kinking o't.
But Curlers wha loo caller air,
An' cauld count neither here nor there,
Wi' ae conſent to ice repair,
And only fear the pinking o't.

IV.

IV.

Some ſpend the winter in a trance,
Keep bed nor grudge the ſtinking o't,
In ſelf-defence ſome take a dance,
Pleas'd wi' the bab an' binking o't.
But Curlers wi' mair manly heart,
Their ſkill an' ſtrength on ice exert,
Which health an' vigour does impart,
An' well rewards the dinking o't.

V.

The lover doats on Menie's eye,
His life lies in the blinking o't,
For if it's languid he mawn die,
He canno' bear the winking o't.
But Curlers wi' unfetter'd ſouls,
That ane anothers cares controuls,
On ice conveen like winter fowls,
An' pleaſe them wi' the rinking o't.

VI.

The ſportſman may poor mawkin trace,
Thro' ſnaw tir'd wi' the ſinking o't,
Or if his gray-hound gi' her chaſe,
He's charmed wi' the jinking o't.
But Curlers chaſe upon the rink,
An' learn dead ſtanes wi' art to jink,
When tir'd wi' that gae in an' drink,
An' pleaſe them wi' the ſkinking o't.

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